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AIGHNEAS AN PHEACAIG LEIS
AN M-BÁS,

COMMONLY KNOWN AS

"EACHTRA AN BHÁIS."

Edited with Introduction and Vocabulary.

PRICE FOURPENCE.

WATERFORD: HARVEY & CO., PRINTERS.
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✠ RICARDUS ALPHONSUS,
Ep̃us Waterfordiensis, &c.

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PREFACE.

THE idea of reprinting the following poem was suggested, partly by a consideration of its popular devotional value, and partly by the prospect of serving—even in a small way—the Irish language revival movement. For three quarters of a century the “Aighneas” has enjoyed highest popularity throughout the Desii country. In fact, scarcely an Irish speaker has been met with from Credan Head to Tallow Bridge who could not repeat from memory some stanzas of it. Few however, if any, could repeat it entirely and correctly. The number of printed copies scattered up and down the county has been gradually decreasing. Probably not more than twenty-five such copies of the whole poem can now be found. As it has been out of print for many years—practically indeed, for nearly half a century, as far as the Irish-speaking peasantry of Waterford are concerned—the scarcity of copies is not greatly to be wondered at. (In the hope therefore that it may serve as a welcome and profitable addition to the Irish reading matter available for the older generation of *ḡaeóilgeoirí* the poem is now reprinted and re-edited.

A word of explanation may be necessary to account for the use of Roman type. The latter is based partly on economic motives, but mainly on the desire to accommodate the older generation of Irish readers before mentioned, which, half a century since, learned to read the “Aighneas” in Roman characters in the author’s own edition of “Tadhg Gaedhealach.” In the edition in question Denn, with no mean opinion of its merit, incorporated the present poem. Owing to the

incorporation alluded to, the "Aighneas" is, in Waterford, popularly ascribed to silver-voiced Tadhg. In reality, of course, it falls below the latter's high standard of literary and poetic grace. It has however considerable dramatic power, reminding one in a certain way of Newman's "Gerontius." If the verses be occasionally rough the Irish is good, nervous, and idiomatic, while the pious thoughts suggested are of the vigorous old-fashioned kind which appeal directly to the will. The "Aighneas" moreover is marked by the strict theological accuracy characteristic of Denn's compositions. The classic excellence of East Munster Irish, if it owes much to the influence of the Waterford poets, Tadhg Gaedhealach and Donnchadh Ruadh, owes something also to the extreme popularity of the present poem.

Patrick Denn, the author of the "Aighneas" was a native of Coolroe, near Mountain Castle, Co. Waterford. At Mountain Castle, his father, Laurence Denn, who was of the proscribed hedge schoolmaster class, taught school every summer. Laurence's choice of the teaching profession was probably determined as much by his club foot, which incapacitated him from active farm work, as by his natural mental quickness. Patrick, in turn, from choice rather than necessity, adopted his father's occupation. We find him living at Poulbaidthe, in the parish of Affane, in 1800. Shortly after this he appears to have removed to Cappoquin, where for many years he continued to fill the dual office of parish clerk and schoolmaster. A distinguished bishop of Waterford and Lismore, Dr. John Power, was, as a boy, a pupil of Denn's at Cappoquin. There is still living at least one old man who remembers Denn well. To this venerable survivor of a departed generation the present writer is indebted for the information that Denn's school stood in the Main-street, near the Protestant church, and that the attendance was generally large, the pupils being principally grown boys. Girls also attended the school, but their number was inconsiderable. Denn never married; a nephew of his, who still lives in Cappoquin, states that he died in the house near the present post

office and nearly opposite the Catholic church, or in a house on that site. The schoolmaster's work was not in those days confined to his school ; our poet taught the Christian Doctrine in the church on Sundays and, to aid him in the work, he published a number of small Instruction books in Irish. His piety and goodness gained him universal respect and love, and his charity was so great that at his death he possessed only ten shillings ! He ended a good and useful life by a holy death at the age of 72, and was interred close to the north wall of the church-yard in Cappoquin. A small stone tablet set in the wall above it, and now half hidden by bushes, marks the poet's last resting place. The tablet bears the following eulogistic inscription :—

“Of your Charity pray for the soul of
 PATRICK DENN, whose remains repose
 beneath this slab. The religious works
 written by him in the Irish language
 met with general approval and are
 proofs of his learning as an Irish
 Scholar and his zeal and piety as
 a sincere Christian. His holy life was closed
 by a happy death on the 5th July, 1828. Aged 72.
 Erected by Rev. P. Power.”

O'Daly says that the present poem was written about 1816. The exact date is 1814, as appears from the original MS. in Denn's handwriting in the College Library, Waterford. In the MS. in question the poem is styled not “Aighneas,” but “Disbóireacht.” Popularly it is known as “Eachtra an Bháis.” As has been stated already it was first published by the author himself in his edition of the “Pious Miscellany” of Tadhg (Gaedhealach) O'Sullivan. After the author's death it was reprinted in subsequent editions of the “Miscellany.” In the last edition of the latter (Dublin, 1868) the “Aighneas” is not included, nor does it appear in the Cork edition of 1821. It was however reprinted by O'Daly in his ‘Irish Language Miscellany’ (1876). Other published works of Denn are “Siosma an Anama leis an g-Coluinn,” generally published with the

"Aighneas"; "Comhairleach an Pheacuig agus Aitheanta Dé Minighthe" (Cork, Charles Dillon—various dates); "The Catholic Children's Religious Primer, &c." (Cork—various dates); "Stiuratheóir an Pheacuig" (Cork), and "Machtnuig go Maith air," translated from the English of Dr. Challenor, and published at Clonmel, by John Hackett, in 1819.

In the Library, St. John's College, Waterford, there are at least three MS. vols. in Denn's handwriting. Most of the poems contained in these are original. Appended to one of the vols. in question are a few miscellaneous verses in English—but they are mere doggerel. There is also an English poem by Terence Fitzpatrick of Dungarvan—a pupil of O'Keefe of Slievegua—in which the writer gracefully apologises for some verses previously written in derision of Denn.

In the poem here printed the Irish student will find many peculiarities of spelling, &c. For various reasons the editor has made little or no attempt to remove these. Oftentimes indeed the metre required their preservation. Oftentimes, again, they are not so much peculiarities of Denn's as characteristics of Munster poetry generally. Several evident misprints and mistakes have however been corrected in the present edition and the long quantity mark has been inserted throughout. Amongst the peculiarities alluded to the following deserve special mention, viz. :—the use of the nominative plural for the dative of the same number, and the use of *g* for *d*, of *u* for *a*, of *gh* for *dh* or *ch*, and of the compound pronoun *aige* (contracted '*ge* for the preposition *ag*). Moreover the ultimate syllable of verbs is frequently dropped and *dh* is written *g*, as indeed it is pronounced in Waterford. *Is* is variously used for *agus*, as the sign of the superlative and as the assertive verb. *A*, in a similar manner, subserves a variety of purposes, including the part of *ag* before the participle or verbal noun.

P. P.

AIGHNEAS AN PHEACUIG LEIS AN M-BAS.

AN BÁS.

IS chugad a thánga a pheacuig chríona,
 Le hórdugha láidir thú bhreith do'n saoiqealso,
 Go d-tabharfá cúntas ad dhroich-ghniomhartha,
 Do'n Rígh fuair bás air an g-crois dia-haoine.

AN PEACACH.

Cé h-é tusa atá labhairt chomh dána
 Le seanóir liath 'tá fé chiach chráidhte?
 Och, mo channtla! is fann atáimse,
 Is mo chroidhe dá bhrise le huireasba sláinte.

AD BÁS.

Mise an Bás, atá lán do threun-neart,
 Do leag ar lár clann Adhamh go léir-cheart;
 Leagfad tusa anois mar aon leó,
 Is béarfad ód' mhaoín gan bhrígh fa chré thú.

AN PEACACH.

Eist! a Bháis tabhair cáirde fós dam,
 Ná deun mo chreacha 'sná marbhaig go fóill mé
 Go ndeunfad aithrighe am pheacuidhibh móra,
 Is go ndíolfad m'fhiacha le Rígh na Glóire.

AN BÁS.

Is fada an cáirde fuairis go di-tí seo,
 An fhaid eile dá bh-fághfá 'rís é,
 Mar mhair tú riamh, do mhairfeá choidhche,
 Dá fhaid é an cluithche go deire do sgríbhídh.

AN PEACACH.

Ní h-amhla mhairfinn gealaim óm' chroidhe dhuit,
 Acht am aithrigheach dhian fá chiach ag caoi-ghol,
 Aig tabhairt sásaimh do Dhia 'sdo dhaoine,
 Am dhroich-chleachta a's am bheartaibh baoise.

AN BÁS.

Is mó gealmhuin fhallsa thugais ad shaoigeal uait,
 Do fhear-ionad Dé fá éide Iosa,
 Go d-treigfeá an peaca 'sgo mairfeá mín, tais,
 Fá riaghlacha naomhtha gan a dtréigean choidhche.

AN PEACACH.

O ! is fíor gur gheallas do'n t-sagart, ní breugach,
 Go ndeunfainn faoisidín fhada mo bheatha le chéile ;
 Acht cúram an t-saoighil 'san cíos ag glaodhach orm,
 Do chráig sé riamh, 'sdo chiap go léir me.

AN BAS.

Leig dod sheanchus, a sheanduine chnaoite,
 Nó saighfíod an bior so tré lár do chróidhe 'steach,
 Is tabharfaidh aon mhac Muire breith gan sgaoile,
 Air t'anam anois, is go h-ithfrionn síos leat.

AN PEACACH.

Mo ghréim dubh dúbhach, 'smo bhrón an sgeul so,
 Mise bheith caillte 'smo mhuintir am eagmuis,
 Agus m'anam bheith dá losga a n-ithfrionn péinneach,
 A d-taobh iomad mo chortha smo mhór-chuid claonta.

Do shíl me riamh na rinn me aon nídh,
 Do thuillfeadh pianta síorruighe aochtach ;
 Ni rinn me goid, broid, na éigin,
 Murder ná feall aon am dom shaogul.

Do thugainn lóisdín do gach déoruídhe tréith-lag,
 Biadh 'gus deoch do'n té chidhinn a n-eugmuis,
 Díoluigheacht cheart le fear an éilimh,
 O ! nach cruais é Iosa má ghnidh mé dhaora.

AN BAS.

Nil dóbhat nach fíor gach nídh do'n mhéid sin,
 Acht éist go fóill agus 'neósad féin duit
 Créad iad na neithe 'tá ad chuinne 'g an aon mhac,
 Na g-cúis mhór throm le fonn thú dhaora.

Do bhí tú paisiúnta, droich-lábharta, breugach,
 Óltach, imearthach, síosmathach, sgléipeach,
 Barbarach, glagarach, 'sa dearbhugh éithig,
 Is tuig go d-tuillean an sórt san tu dhaora.

AN PEACACH.

Má óluinn sgiling go minic d-tígh an tábhairne,
 A bh-fochair mo chomharsan, nó mo chomhghus cáirde ;
 Is mairg duit choidhche sin a muidheamh am láthair,
 Is feabhas mo chroidhe-si chum díol tar chách díobh.

Do bhí mé tamall beag a d-tosach mo shaoguil,
 Bruigheantach, barbarach, is tabhartha d'eitheach,
 Do rinn mé faoisidín fhada mo bheatha na dhéig sin,
 Is do shíleas, gealaim, go raibh maite mo chlaonta.

Do chualaidh sagairt dá theagasg go fórsach,
 Go bh-fuaradar ó Chríost le brígh na comhachta,
 Chum peacuidhe mhaitheaml do'n aithrigheach eólgach,
 An úair dheunfá faoisidín an gach gníomh dá mhór uilc.

AN BÁC.

Is fíor, an peacach, cé mallaighthe a thréithe,
 Má 'nisionn a pheacuighe le doilghios deurach
 Go bh-faghaidh pardún fíor ó Rígh na Naomha,
 'Ge glúin an t-sagairt is beannacht an aon mhic.

Acht a d-taobh t'faoisidín si, 'sdo ghealmhuin bhreugach,
 Níl ionnta aon tairbhe chum t'anam do shaoradh ;
 Mar ná raibh ort doilghios tred' pheacuidhe aochtach,
 Na fonn ceart fíor an aithrighe dheanamh.

Ná tuig, a spaidire, go maithfidh mac Dé dhuit,
 Tar éis a rinnis do chuirpeacht chlaontach,
 'Sar bhrisis dá dhlighe 'sgan suim na chreuchtadh,
 Acht dá chéusadh 'rís gan sgíth le héigceart.

Is fada é foighneach leat a chlaidhre méirilig,
 Is tú lán do thaibhse 'sdo bhlaghmann éithig ;
 Do shíl tú é mhealla led' bhladar 'sled bhreugaibh,
 Acht anois chidhfir gach gníomh dod' thréithibh.

AN PEACACH.

Fóill, a Bháis, tabhair cáirde an láe seo,
 Go ndeanfad m'uacht mar is dual a dheunamh
 Chum ná béidh búairt a measg mo ghaothalta,
 A d-taobh mo rachmuis núair leagfair me traochta.

Más fíor gach a ndeir tú go m-béadsa daortha,
 Air son na g-cortha do 'nísir ad 'sgeul dam
 A sé mo thuigsin gur beag san saoghal so,
 Nach bh-fuil chomh dona liom san meid sin.

Má bhíd uile mar mise gan saora,
 Tar éis gach maitheas do chleachtaid le daonacht
 Is beag le sabháil lá na ndaor-bhreath,
 Mar atáid uile an sa chuirpeacht cheudhna.

AN BÁC.

Is fada mo sheanchus leat a sheandúine dhána,
Saighfead tred' chroidhe an saoihead so am láimh-si ;
Acht súl chuirfead críoch ort a straoill bhocht ghrána,
'Neósad tuilleadh dhuit do'n donas atá ort.

Níl duine san t-saoighealso bhris dlíge an ard-Mhic
Dá olcus a ghníomhartha agus díth na ngrás air ;
Ma dheunan faoisidín le brígh go lán-cheart,
Maithfidh Iosa a pheacuidhe go bráth dhó.

'Sé slighe 'na mealltar clann bhocht Adhamh,
An úair dheunaid an peaca is anamh iad cásmhar ;
Cuireann an diabhal sríán le lán díobh,
Agus stracann ó Dhia 'na dhiaig go bráth iad.

An úair is méin leo filleadh ó chuirpeacht Shátan,
Deir se 'rís leo 'na g-croidhe go lán-ghlic ;
Nach bh-fuil Dia chomh dian is thráchtar,
Is nach daorfar chuige an duine macánta.

A deir sé fós gan ghó gach lá leo,
Go bh-fuil an aimsir fada chum casa air an aithrighe ;
Gan géille thabhairt do shagart ná bhráthair,
Acht leanmhuin dá ngreann go h-am na hársaíde.

An chomhairle sin glacaid is mairid dá d-traochadh,
Na sglábh-uightheibh dubha aige diabhal na péiste,
Gan suim a nDia ná iona riaghlachaibh naomhtha,
Acht brise a aitheanta, sa maslughadh an aon Mhic.

Comhairle sagairt is anamh a dheunaid,
Gan dúil i psailm, i bpaidir, ná gcré aco ;
Ná beann air aifrionn cé ainneis mar sgeul é.

Acht a ngrádh leis an b-peaca 'sle maitheas an t-saoguil.

AN PEACACH.

Cé gur tláth-lag tréith atáim féin sa chiach so,
Is tusa, a Bháis, ag cur lán-chuid píán orm
Le heagla rómhad is roimh dhioghaltas an Tíghearna,
Ma's fíor do ráidhte 'ta míodh-ádh an diabhair orm.

AN BÁC.

Creid mo sgeul-sa is géill go fíor dham.
Gur gairid go m-béir a n-ithfrionn shíos uaim
Mar ná rinnis aithrighe ad pheacuighibh líonmhar,
Acht dá cur air cáirde gach lá go d-tí so.

AN PEACACH.

Aithris dam is ná deun breug liom,
 Créad é an sórt daoine do bhíonn dá ndaora
 Is dá g-carta síos go h-ithfrionn péinneach,
 Air son a b-peacuighe sa mailís chlaontach ?

AN BÁS.

Deir mac Dé, an té tá fíor-cheart,
 Ná rachuibg súas go d-ti an chualacht naomhtha
 Aon do'n dream d'áireómhad síos duit,
 Mar atáid uile air mire 'gá naimhde.

Dream na drúise, 'na brúidibh gháirsgeach,
 Lán do mhaga 'sdo bharbaracht ghrána ;
 Dream na gaduigheacht 'sna camadaoil tháire,
 Is dream an fheill 'na claighridhe dána.

Dream na sainte do mhéill na táinte
 Do dhaoine bochta bhíonn ocrach, cráidhte,
 Is dream an éithig, bhreugach, chnáideach,
 Mhagamhuil, sgigeamhuil, mhaslamhuil, cháinteach.

Dream an chraois mhóir, aochtach, óltach,
 Do bhíonn air meisge go minic gan teóra,
 Is dream na mionn bhíonn canncrach colóideach,
 Ag spalpa go síor le brígh guighdeóireacht.

An dream dubh Gallda, ramhar, na mór-thuire,
 Atá deighilte ó Dhia is leis an ndiabhal do gheobha siad,
 Is an dream atá dall 'sná glacfadh comhairle,
 Béid a d-teannta fá sgannra a ndóchuin.

Dream na feirge, bhíonn deifireach, bruigheantach,
 Ag buala a g-comharsan 'sa sladugha daoine,
 Is gach dream eile bhíonn ag briseadh na saoire,
 Nó fuireach ó'n aifrionn is beannaighthe íodhbairt.

Dream an uabhair bhíonn mór mar shaoilid,
 Lán do thaibhse 'sdo phuimp na g-croidhe 'stig,
 Is an dream ná tugann aon urraim do Iosa,
 Acht dearbhugh chomhachta 's a ainim naomhtha.

Níl duine san domhan mar namhuid 'gan aon Mhac,
 Má fhaigheann bás a b-peaca marbh, ná daorfar,
 Is ná cuirfear go h-ithfrionn 'san teine dá g-ceusa,
 Ameasg na ndeamhan go lom fá gheur-ghlais.

AN PEACACH.

O, a Bháis ! eist, is deimhin gur breug dhuit,
Go léor dá ndubhairt tú bheith na g-cúis daortha
Mar is beag shaoilim dá chidhim san t-saogul,
Na fuil cionntach mar dhream éigin.

Má bhíonn an méad sin go léir díobh caillte,
Agus sgartha go síor ó Chríost gan aimhreas,
Is beag do rachfaig fá ghradam go meidhreach,
Go cúirt na bh-flathas amearg aingeal dá adhradh.

AN BÁS.

D'innis mé roimhe seo ná 'neósuinn breug duit,
Gur le h-úghdarás Chríost 'táim fíor am sgeulta ;
Tuig a spaidire gur gairid go n-eugfuir,
Is go m-béir na g-cuideachta ad phioca 'ge daolaibh.

Ní rachaig go Parrathas, geallaim óm' bheul duit,
Acht an t-aithrigheach cóir rinn leór a dhaothuinn
Do shásamh fíor thabhairt do Rígh na Naomha,
I bpeacaidh a bheatha go cathathach, deurach.

Acht amháin an leanbh nár pheacuig gur euga,
Rachfaig ar a nóiment go Cúirt na Naomha
Ameasg na n-aingioll go taithneamhach gléigeal,
A seilbh na glóire a g-cóir d'on N. Spioraid.

AN PEACACH.

Uch, a Bháis ! is cráidhte an sgeul liom
Lúighead na ndaoine bhéig saor san t-saoghal so,
Mar atáid uile gan thuigsín gan fhéirim,
Gan sgeim a leasa le h-aithrighe dheunamh,

Is minic go d-tí so do rinneas gníomhartha aochtach,
Déirc is carthannacht is anna-chuid daonacht ;
A bh-faighead aon luacht am mhór mhaith air aon chor,
Tar éis gach ar thugas do ghustal an t-saoghuil uaim.

AN BÁS.

Ná bí meallta a chlampaire méirlig,
Ní bh-faghair aon luacht tréd' mhór chuid daonacht,
Mar bhí tú marbh san b-peaca gach tréimhse,
'Na rinnis an charthanacht san 'sgan eagla Dé ort.

Tabhair fá ndeara gan dearmad an mhéad so,
 An fhaid bhíos an duine aig brise sa raoba
 Dlighe mhic Muire tré chuirpeacht a chlaonta,
 Ní bhíonn aon tairbhe ann a mhaitheas go léireach.

I n-urnuighthe, i n-aithfrian, i d-trosga i d-tréineas,
 I n-déirc, i g-carthanacht, ná 'n ann-chuid daonacht :—
 Ní'l ionnta aon tairbhe an peaca mur a d-tréigfear,
 Is bheith a ngrádh le Críost am an ghníomh a dheuna.

Cé maith í an charthanacht mar is subhailce naomhtha í,
 A sí sgiath is tearmun na n-anam gan bhréig í,
 Acht má nithear dearmad do'n aithrighe dheurach,
 Atá an uile mhaitheas chomh marbh is b'fhéidir.

AN PEACACH

Aithris fós dam gan ghó an sgeul so,
 Cread í an chiall 'na m-beidh Dia glaothach oruinn
 Lá na m-breath is 'na g-creach go léireach
 Ós gach áit chum clann Adhamh d'éisteacht ?

AN BAS.

Is é cúis 'ná d-tiocfaidh an chine bhocht dhaona,
 Go gleann mór Josaphat lá na ndaor-bhreath ;
 Chum iomad a g-cortha do nochtadh do'n t-saogul,
 Go bh-feicfeadh gach nduine aco lochtuidhe chéile.
 An dream atá n-ithfrionn tré na g-cortha do daorag,
 Is d'fhág sómpla an pheaca aige clanna na g-ceudta,
 Beidh mallacht Chríost go fíor mar éiric,
 Dá mheadugha ortha síos go crích an t-saoguil.
 Agus na fíréin ghleoidhte go glórmhar naomhtha,
 Fágáil breis onóra agus mór-chuid réime
 A n-aghaidh gach nduine do leanas an léighean ceart,
 D'fhágadar 'na ndiaig aig an g-cliar so Eabha,
 Sul thiocfa an lá so beidh ár 'san t-saogul,
 Loisgfear an domhan is gach nidh ar eúdan ;
 Beidh an ghríán go dubhach fá smuit aig éclipse,
 'S an ghealach, mo mhairg, chomh dearg le h-aon-fhuil.
 Beidh an spéir air buile is tuitfidh na reulta,
 Beidh tíortha air boga 'saig osguilt ó cheile,
 Beidh an fhairge air lasa aig imtheacht na caora,
 Agus clocha 'gus crainn le n-a linn ag raoba.

Beidh cnoic is gleannta le sgannra léimnigh,
 Beathuidhig an domhain go h-ádhbhal ag éimnig,
 Na peacuig dhona dá losga is dá d-traocha,
 Sgeimhle is eagla ortha roimh fheirg an aon mhic.

Tiocfaidh annsoin aingeal ós na flathais le sgeula,
 'Glaoch air na mairbh chum an bhreitheamhnais deigheanaigh ;

Eireócháid 'na seasamh go tapa le chéile,
 An sliocht so shíolraig ó Adhamh is Eabha.

Beidh Ríghthe is Prionnsuidhe is Iarluidhe saoghaltach,
 Gaisgidhidh uaibhreach' chomh mór le Caesar,
 Ann súd 'na seasamh le h-eagla sgréuchuig,
 Gan teidioll, gan meas, 'na measg go léireach.

Na daoine uaisle bhí go guagach, peucach,
 Go faisiúntach, gaigeamhlach, peurlach,
 Béid an lá úd go cráidhte ceusda,
 Gan urraim gan meas faoi mhallacht Dé ghil.

Beidh an dream do chídhdh tú go fíor ag seuna
 Rígh na rann air an g-crann do ceusag,
 Ann súd na seasamh chomh dubh le daolaibh
 Go diabhluidhe grána, is gráin mhic Dé ortha.

Beidh an ghramuisg mhillteach go deimhin gan bhreuga,
 Air nós na ndiabhal le píán a béice,
 'S aig crith le sgeimhle is treighid da d-traocha,
 Le uathfás eagla roimh fheirg an aon Mhic.

Ann súd do chidhfir gach gníomh dá ndeuntar,
 Le mailís an chroidhe go crích an t-saoguil,
 Meud na b-peacuighe 'sgan aithrighe naomhtha,
 Le feichsin go fíor-cheart sgríobhtha air a n-eúdan,

Agus lucht na drúise 'na brúidibh dheunann
 Barbaracht tharcuisneach is peacuighe ná deurfad ;
 An lá úd do chífear lucht bruíghne is sgléipe,
 'Na mbrusgar ghrána go h-árd ag sgreuchadh.

Agus lucht na meisge deirim gan bhreug leó,
 Go m-beidh a g-craos osguilte losga mar chaortha,
 Is lucht na guighdeóireacht' mallachtóireacht a chéile,
 Ceanguilte air shlabhradh 'ge deamhuin is daola.

Beidh an dream do fhanann ó'n aithfrionn naomhtha,
Is do bhriseas an t-saoire, is do Chríost ná n-géilleann,
Chomh dubh le diabhal na g-cliar ann taobh leó,
Is naithreacha nimhe dá n-itheadh go h-aochtach.

An lá úd do chífear mactóiridhe is méirlig,
Tíoránaig mhillteach' le sgeimhle sgreuchaig,
Is Luther dall, O! do mheall na ceudta,
Agus lucht a chrejdímh go h-uile da ndaora.

Pontius Pilate, agus an cladhaire Herod,
Is na Giudaig mhallaighthe threasguir an t-aon Mhac,
Is gach dream eile d'eitil ó'n Naomh Spioraid,
Béid an lá úd go cráidhte dhá ndaora.

Beidh as a g-comhair go trúpach gléigeal,
Na Mairtírig chródha go glórmhar, péurlach,
Confessóiridhe diaga bhí riaghalta, naomhtha,
Is Oilithrighe beanaighthe sheachuin an saoghal-so,
Beidh Maighdeana geala ann d'fhan gan chéile,
Agus ainim Iosa sgriobhtha air a n-eúdan,
Beidh gach dream ann thug annsacht do'n aon Mhac
Is do rinn aithrighe go fíor sul chríochna a saogul.

AN PEACACH.

Innis dam, a Bháis, cé táim gan éifeacht,
Cread fáth an cómharta úd air ghnúis gach aon neach,
Don' dream san dubhairt tú d'fhan gan chéile,
Is gach aon eile deir tú bheith a n-eugmuis.

AN BÁS.

Atá go fírinneach mar do bhiodar néuta,
A ngrádh lé Iosa thar dhaoine an t-saoguil,
Líonta le glaineacht is le gileacht naomhtha,
Aig seuna an pheaca do shalaigh na ceudta.

Beidh gach Maighdion ghlan díobh d'fhan gan cheile,
Nibhus gile a bh-fad ná gal na gréine, [ann.
Ní bheidh aon a b-Parrathas chomh taithneamhach léi
A bh-fochair na n-aingeall a ngradam sa réim leó.

Beidh onóir fá na g-comhair seo gan bhreug duit,
Aig an Slánaightheóir Iosa, Rígh na Naomha ;
Beidh a nglóire chomh mór san ní fheudfuinn
Innsin dhuit choidhche le brígh mo sgeulta.

Beidh siad go criostalach, soillseach, meadhrach taobh
Cóirighthe go ró-dheas le peurluidhibh ; [leis,
Beidh a súile bhi dúnta a n-aghaidh an t-saoghail seo,
Nibhus gile go deimhin ná soillse reulta.

Beidh abhráin bhinne aco dá singidh le neutacht,
A g-cuideachta an Uain-ghil go buadnach gan traocha
Ná tuigfe aon dream, acht an dream ceart ceudhna
Do ghaibh le Iosa go fíor mar chéile.

AN PEACACH.

O ! mo chreach, mo chás, nár ghrádhhas am shaogul
An subhailce breagh san thuill bárr gach réime,
Acht dá bh-faghainn aon áit annsa n-áras naomhtha,
Do bhéinn anois sásta is go bráth tar éis seo.

AN BÁS.

Eist a spaidire ní maith liom do bhreuthra,
Níor thaithneamh leat riamh riaghail na naomha ;
Níor mhaith leat do chlann go m-beidhdís naomhtha,
Ná iompógha air Dhia go m-beidhdís aosta.

AN PEACACH.

Do shíleas, gealaim duit, go m'fheara chum Dé dhóibh
Clann is conach mar atá agam féineach,
Le eagla bheith bocht 'nuair bhéidís aosta,
Is go m-béidís go bráth a spleadhchus aoinne.

AN BÁS.

Dalla gan léigheas ort a chlaidhre méirlig,
A sheanduine cham sa chrannca shaoghaltaig ;
Ní thuigir go m'fhearr dhóibh caradas Dé ghil,
Ná clann is conach 's blaith beag bréige.

Cread tá 'gadsa 'nois do bhárr do shaoghaltachd
Acht iarsma peacuigh 'sgan t-aithrighe deunta,
Sa 'nois a ngeall air do cham-shlighte éithig,
Béir tréd' ghníomharthaibh go fíor ad dhaora.

Is lá na breithe aig deire an t-saoghail seo,
Tiocfaidh Iosa Críost arís gan bhreug duit ;
An úair sin súighfidh air mhaoil an t-sléibhe,
Mar bhreitheamh comhachtach chum cúise d'eisteacht.

Béir-si ann súd 'measg brúghaid gan aon mheas,
Is do cholann is t-anam air dháith na ndáola,

Is do chlann na g-conairt a siosma sa plé leat,
A d-taobh íad do thóguin air do nós a féinig.

Ann súd do chifear Críost 's a chréuchta
'Sgach pían marbhtach d'fhulang ad thaobh-sa,
Is na Giudaig thallsa an dream do cheus é,
Sgreada 's a' caoi go fíochmhar péinneach.

Beidh crann na croise air na rineag é cheusa,
Ann súd na láimh dheas láthair an t-saoguil
Chum compórd síor chur air na daoine naomhtha,
Is dolás gan chrích chur air an m-buidhin do dhaorfar.

Iompóig aghaidh go millteach faobhrach,
Air shluagh na mallacht an aicme sheun é ;
Agus dearfa leo go fórsach treunmhar,
Imthidhíg ás mo radharc fé ghéibhionn 's geur-ghlais.

Mo mhallacht go dían bhúr ndiaig le geur-nimh,
O sheun sibh mise le cumann an t-saoguil ;
Mallacht na ndiabhal fé phían bhúr d-traocha,
Is mallacht na bh-flathas bhúr d-treasguirt le chéile.

Mallacht na naomh seo atá taoibh liom naomhtha,
Anúas air bhúr n-anam d'bhúr g-creacha gan faothamh,
Is mallacht m'Athar is gan dearmad an N. Spioraid,
Is fós mo Mháthar go bráth bhúr ndéig-si.

Ann san air an noiment, búirfidh, béicfeadh,
Clann na mallacht aig imtheacht go daortha ;
Brisfidh an talamh faoi an aicme bhreun so,
Agus sloigfear síos íad go h-ithfrionn péinneach.

Ann san iompóig a ghnúis go ciuin, deas, neuta
Air shluagh na m-beannacht, an sluagh do saorfar,
Agus deurfa leo do ghlór caoin caomhnach,
Gluaisig go síor go téach na naomh liom.

Má bhí sibh tamal beag fé tharcuisne an t-saoguil,
'Sgur fhulang sibh crosa tré olcus bhúr naimhde ;
Agus fuacht is fán go cráibhtheach triomsa,
Glóire Pharrathais beig aguibh 'na thaoibh sin.

A Mhairtírig bheanuighthe do strácag ó chéile,
Is dhoirt bhúr g-cuid fola le dochar am thaobh-sa ;
Anois do chídhean sibh mar thugasa an daor bhreath
Air na méirlig do mharbhaig sibh, 'gus sibhsi do shaora,

A Mhaighdeana do thuill uaim go naomhtha,
 Bheith nibhus aoirde am righeacht-sa go peurlach
 Na aon dream do'n m-banntracht so Eva,
 Mar sibh do ghrádhaig mé go lán-ghlan gléigeal.

Beidh sibhsi is mo mháthair go bráth a n-eineacht,
 Go glórmhar compórdach, go reultach,
 Go síochánta síor-ghrádhmhar síor-naomhtha,
 Am mhola go fíor gan chrích le saoguil.

Gluaisig liom a chlann gan aon locht,
 Go seilibh na glóire a g-cóir do'n N. Spioraid ;
 Go righeacht na bh-flathas go gradamach réimeach,
 Gan chrích go deó le bhúr g-cóisir naomhtha.

Gluaiseóchuid uile go mullach an chnoic seunmhair,
 Súas go Parrathas a g-cuideachta a chéile,
 Is ceólta binne aco dá seinim le neutacht,
 Aig mola an Athar, an Mhic, 'san N. Spioraid.

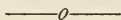
Anois a sheanduíne stadfad dam ageulta,
 Ní h-é an t-am ceart cabhair ná saora
 D'farraidh air Dhia, 'stú riamh dá threigean
 Go h-úair do bháis, 'stú m-béarna an bhaoguil.

AN PEACACH.

O, a Bháis, ná sáthaig do gheur-ghath,
 Tabhair dham cáirde go máireach féineach
 Go n-iarífad síothcháin air an árd rígh naomhtha,
 I meud mo pheacuighe is gan m'aithrighe deunta.

AN BÁC.

Ní bh-faghaidh tú cáirde a chneadhair an éithig,
 Do thuill tú ó Chríost go fíor thú dhaora,
 Mar do thérigis riamh a riaghail sa naomhthacht,
 Is béurfadsa ad bhrágha tú a láthair an aon mhic.



Le na linn sin tharruing an seanduíne saoghaltach,
 Osna throm is le sgannra d'éug sé ;
 A lár a phianta is na diabhail dá aodharacht,
 Chum é sgioba leó go deó le saoguil.

VOCABULARY.

- Page 7, line 1. a thánga,—for do thángas, I have come.
 „ „ „ 2. órdugha,—the English,—order.
 „ „ „ 3. cúntas,—an account.
 „ „ „ 6. ceó,—a mist, and in secondary sense,—
 „ „ „ 7. canntlamh,—strife. [sorrow.
 „ „ „ 14, creach,—ruin.
 „ „ „ 15, aithrighe,—penance. [debts.
 „ „ „ 16, go n-díolfad m-fhiacha,—until I pay my
 „ „ „ 20, cluithche,—games(as of cards),sometimes
 used as verbal noun—ag cluithche.
 „ „ „ go deire do sgribhidh,—to the end of the
 (your) writing. Comp. “to the end of
 the chapter.”
 „ „ „ 24, droic-chleachta,—bad practices.
 „ „ „ „ beart,—a trick or action.
 „ „ „ „ baois,—folly.
 „ „ „ 26, fá eide,—under the armour.
 „ „ „ 27, tais,—clement, compassionate.
 „ 8 „ 3, cíós,—rent.
 „ „ „ 4, chráig,—ruined ; chiap,—tortured.
 „ „ „ 5, cnaoite,—consumed, wasted.
 „ „ „ 6, saighfíod,—I shall hurl.
 „ „ „ „ bior,—spear or dart.
 „ „ „ 7, breith, dat. for breath—judgment ;
 sgaoile, escape.
 „ „ „ 9, greim.—portion, inheritance. [me.
 „ „ „ 10, am eagmuis,—wanting me, *i.e.* without
 „ „ „ 12, claonadh,—injustice, malice ; pl. claonta
 —evil inclinations.
 „ „ „ 14, tuilleadh,—deserve ; do tuillfeadh,—that
 would deserve.
 „ „ „ 15, éigin,—violence.
 „ „ „ 16, feall,—treachery.

- Page 8, line 17, lóisdín,—lodging.
- ” ” ” ” deóraidhe,—a stranger, an outlaw.
- ” ” ” 19, díoluigheacht,—payment.
- ” ” ” ” fear an eilimh,—tax, or rent, collector.
- ” ” ” 24, le fonn thu dhaora,—that tend to condemn you.
- ” ” ” 26, imearthach,—(card) playing.
- ” ” ” ” siosmathach,—whispering, *i.e.* backbiting.
- ” ” ” 26, sgléipeach,—vaunting, roystering.
- ” ” ” 27, barbarach,—immoral.
- ” ” ” ” glagarach,—boasting.
- ” ” ” ” dearbhugh éithig,—affirming falsehood.
- ” ” ” 28, go d-tuillean,—that they deserve.
- ” ” ” 30, comhgus,—relations by blood.
- ” ” ” 31, mairg duit,—woe to you.
- ” ” ” ” muidheamh,—boasting, but here casting up to, or upbraiding.
- ” ” ” 32, feabhas,—goodness.
- ” 9 ” 1, bruingheantach,—quarrelsome.
- ” ” ” 4, maite, for maithte,—forgiven.
- ” ” ” 9, a thréithe,—his qualities.
- ” ” ” 17, spaidire,—a clod of earth, hence here, a clown.
- ” ” ” 18, cuirpeacht,—corruption.
- ” ” ” 19, suim,—concern.
- ” ” ” 20, dá cheusadh,—crucifying.
- ” ” ” ” sgíth,—rest.
- ” ” ” ” éigceart,—injustice, wrong.
- ” ” ” 21, claidhre,—a coward.
- ” ” ” ” méirleach,—a rebel, a malefactor.
- ” ” ” 22, blaghaman,—boasting.
- ” ” ” 23, bladair,—babbling, talk without weight.
- ” ” ” 26, uacht,—a last will.
- ” ” ” 27, gaodhalta,—relatives.
- ” ” ” 28, a d-taobh mo rachmuis—on account of my wealth.
- ” 10 ” 3, straoil,—a sloven.
- ” ” ” 6, díth,—want, absence, deficiency.
- ” ” ” 10, cásmhar,—sorrowful.
- ” ” ” 12, strácann,—pulls, drags.
- ” ” ” 15, dian,—active (here—in punishing).

Page 10, line 17, gó,—a lie.

- " " " 19, géile (géilleadh),—obedience ; bráthair,
 —a friar.
 " " " 20, greann,—merriment ; go h-am na h-
 ársaidhe,—to the time of my old age.
 " " " 22, sglábhuidhe,—a slave.
 " " " 24, a maslughadh,—dishonouring. [able.
 " " " 26, beann,—esteem, regard ; ainnis,—miser-
 " II " 6, cuallaidheachd (cualacht),—society.
 " " " 7, d'aireochad,—I shall enumerate.
 " " " 8, mir,—part, share, a bit. [scoffers.
 " " " 9, na brúidibh gháirsgeach',—brood of
 " " " 11, camadaoil,—crookedness, perversity ;
 " " " 13, meill,—to grind. [táir,—vile.
 " " " 14, táinte,—crowds, flocks.
 " " " 15, cnáideach,—jesting.
 " " " 16, sgigeamhuil,—derisive.
 " " " " cáinteach,—denouncing.
 " " " 17, craos,—gluttony.
 " " " 19, mionn,—an oath ; canncrach, irritable ;
 colóideach, brawling.
 " " " 20, ag spalpa,—spurting.
 " " " 24, teannta,—fastenings, straits.
 " " " " a n-dóchuin,—their sufficiency.
 " " " 26, sladugha (dh),—robbing.
 " " " 27, saoire,—the Sabbath.
 " " " 28, fuireach,—absenting oneself.
 " " " 29, uabhar,—pride.
 " " " 30, urraim,—respect, reverence.
 " " " 36, geur-ghlais,—strict bondage ; nom. pl.
 for dat. See Preface.
 " 12 " 6, aimhreas,—doubt.
 " " " 7, gradam.—honour.
 " " " 12, daol,—the chafer, commonly, but incor-
 rectly, called dearga-dhaol (for dearba-
 dhaol) in Waterford.
 " " " 14, a g-cóir,—arrayed ; the word is not found
 in the dictionaries.
 " " " 23, féirim, *recte* éirim,—mental capacity.
 " " " 28, gustal—affluence, substance, income.
 " " " 29, clampaire,—a wrangler.

- Page 12, line 30, daonacht,—humanity ; used here for daonachta.
- „ 13 „ 1, tabhair fá n-deara—take notice.
- „ „ „ 5, urnuighthe—prayer ; the plural form is used in Waterford for the singular.
- „ „ „ 5, trosga,—fasting ; na dtréineas,—abstinence.
- „ „ „ 7, an peaca (dh) mar a tréigfear,—unless you give up sin.
- „ „ „ 8, deuna,—for deunamh.
- „ „ „ 10, sgiath,—a shield ; tearmon,—sanctuary, protection.
- „ „ „ 19, cortha,—faults, sins.
- „ „ „ 20, lochtuidhe,—crimes.
- „ „ „ 23, éiric,—the *eric* or fine imposed by the Brehon Laws.
- „ „ „ 25, gleoidhte,—cleansed, exquisite ; here glorious, beautiful.
- „ „ „ 28, cliar,—tribe, society.
- „ „ „ 29, ár,—plague, slaughter—hence, destruction.
- „ „ „ 30, eudan,—surface, literally—forehead.
- „ „ „ 34, tíortha,—pl. of tír—land, country ; boga (for bogadh),—shaking.
- „ „ „ 35, caora,—tongues of flame, balls of fire.
- „ 14 „ 16, go h-ádhbhal,—terribly ; éimrigh,—crying out.
- „ „ „ 8, sliocht,—family ; síolraig,—race, posterity.
- „ „ „ 10, gaisgidhig,—mighty men ; uaibhreach, gen.—righe, haughty.
- „ „ „ 11, sgreuchuig,—shrieking.
- „ „ „ 13, guagach,—vainglorious.
- „ „ „ 14, gaigeamhlach,—foppish.
- „ „ „ 17, seuna (for seunadh),—denying.
- „ „ „ 20, gráin,—loathing.
- „ „ „ 21, gramuisg,—rabble.
- „ „ „ „ millteach,—wild, fierce.
- „ „ „ 23, sgéimle,—surprise ; treigid,—colic.
- „ „ „ 31, bruíghin,—strife ; but perhaps it ought to be *bruidhin*, a royal residence.

- Page 14, line 31, sgléip,—ostentation.
- „ „ „ 32, brusgar,—a mob.
- „ „ „ 34, craos,—gluttony, here a gluttonous, that is, a wide mouth.
- „ „ „ „ caortha, pl. of caor,—a flame.
- „ „ „ 35, guíghdeóireacht,—cursing.
- „ „ „ 36, deamhuin,—apparently for deamnaibh.
- „ „ „ daola, „ „ daolaibh.
- „ 15 „ 2, géilleadh,—to obey.
- „ „ „ 4, naithreacha nimhe,—poisonous serpents; dá n-itheadh, eating them.
- „ „ „ 5, maictiridhe,—wolves, hence plunderers,
- „ „ „ 6, tioránaig,—tyrants. [slaughterers.
- „ „ „ 8, a chreidimh,—of his way of believing.
- „ „ „ 10, threasguir,—threw down.
- „ „ „ 13, trúpach,—banded; gléigeal,—exceeding fair.
- „ „ „ 14, crógha,—valiant.
- „ „ „ 16, oilithreach,—a pilgrim.
- „ „ „ 19, annsachd,—affection.
- „ „ „ 21, éifeacht,—consequence, effect.
- „ „ „ 22, gnúis,—countenance.
- „ „ „ 28, do shalaigh,—which sullied.
- „ 16 „ 1, meadhrach,—mirthful.
- „ „ „ 2, cóirighthe,—bedecked,—*vid. antea*.
- „ „ „ 5, dá singidh,—singing; le neutacht,—appropriately.
- „ „ „ 6, gan traocha(dh.),—without tiring.
- „ „ „ 10, tuill,—deserved, merited.
- „ „ „ 18, conách,—prosperity, affluence.
- „ „ „ „ féineach,—for féin.
- „ „ „ 20, spleadhchus,—dependence.
- „ „ „ 21, léigheas,—a curing.
- „ „ „ 22, crannca,—cranky person.
- „ „ „ 26, iarsma,—remnant.
- „ „ „ 27, geall,—a hostage, a wager.
- „ „ „ 31, maoil,—lit, a lump; here, the ridge or brow of the mountain.
- „ 17 „ 1, na g-conairt,—in packs.
- „ „ „ „ siosma,—share.
- „ „ „ „ a plé,—upbraiding.

- Page 17, line 6, *fióchmhar*,—fiercely.
 " " " 11, *faobhroch*,—sharply.
 " " " 12, *aicme*,—family tribe.
 " " " 14, *géibhionn*,—bonds.
 " " " 16, *cumann*,—friendship.
 " " " 20, *faothamh*,—alleviation.
 " " " 23, *búirfidh*,—will roar.
 " " " 30, *tigheach*,—for teach.
 " " " 31, *tarcuisne*,—contempt.
 " " " 33, *fán*,—wandering.
 " " " 35, *strácadh*,—to tear.
 " " " 36, *dortadh*,—to pour out; *dochar*,—pain.
 " 18 " 9, *gluaisig*,—come.
 " " " 12, *cóisir*,—a feast.
 " " " 25, *cneadhair*,—a knave.
 " " " 29, *linn*,—period, time.
 " " " " *tarruing*,—he drew.
 " " " 31, *aoidheacht*,—lodging, entertainment.
 " " " 32, *sgioba* (*sgiobadh*),—to snatch.



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